

[Intro: Paris]

Yeah, this is another story of famous dogs  
Where the dog that don't keep it real is a b\*t\*h  
These are rappin' dogs, soldier dogs, harmonic dogs  
House dogs, street dogs  
Dogs of the world, unite

[Verse 1: Paris]

Bye, bye sh\*tty luck, skinny ducats  
High side, many bucks, t\*\*ty f\*\*kin'  
Smash on these Corleones, snatchin' fetti  
Westside n\*\*\*as roam, but y'all ain't ready  
Every city, every borough, every town  
Every ghetto comin' through, we touchin' down  
When I spit, they all scatter, battle cry  
Worldwide, it don't matter - who wanna ride?  
Return of the street pros, killer foes  
Expose what you need to know, Guerrilla flows  
Still on that same sh\*t, same time  
Still from that same clique, same side  
Real n\*\*\*as ain't impressed by the stories they bring  
When it's all said and done, y'all remember my name  
F\*\*k a Corleone, n\*\*\*a, we grown, now what you sayin'?  
It's all about the chedda, but beware what you claimin'

[Verse 2: Kam]

Y'all n\*\*\*as really wanna see us dead, huh? We too militant  
Always on that pro-black, cracka jack killin' sh\*t  
I picked up a few cuts, scrapes, and raw abrasions  
Collectin' my cheese and checkin' these Caucasians  
Cause when you killin' n\*\*\*as on a record then you goin' places  
But talk about killin' these crackas, you racist  
That's why crackas and flies, I do despise  
The more I see these crackas, the more I like flies  
Look into my eyes before I pull this trigger, I don't know what's worse  
A black cracka or a white n\*\*\*a, who should I do first?  
I write a verse and have 'em runnin' scared, turnin' red, protestin'  
I just be blastin', don't be askin' no questions, holmes  
'Til the smoke clear, cause folks here know  
The difference between a G and some Holly-weirdo

What you in fear fo'? Losin' your life or your money?  
All these coward-a\*\* fake thugs, a.k.a. Bugs Bunnies

[Chorus]

Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in  
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Livin' and strivin' and diggin' the skin he's in

[Verse 2: Paris]

So I fiend for the days when the funk was king  
'Fore these pop sl\*ts sh\*t\*ted on my video screen  
'Fore these Bow Wow Wow Yippee Yos and hoes  
Before n\*\*\*as street clothes turned to platinum and gold  
Before videos made 'em all fantasy macks  
'Fore blingin', we was singin' what it mean to be black  
Now these b\*t\*hy b\*t\*hy boy bands causin' a fuss  
And every n\*\*\*a rappin' thinkin' thuggin' is us  
I'm bustin' pro-black, comin' with rough raps, I catch these  
Hollywood shuffles by they motherf\*\*kin' ruffles  
And rough 'em up, see, and f\*\*k them tricks  
'Comin' phony, all them cowards know is blingin' and Kris  
But this poolside fantasy, lovin'-a\*\* wannabe  
Record label Superfly, n\*\*\*a, eat sh\*t and die  
State-of-mind mentality is blind to me  
See I'd die 'fore I live on my knees, believe

[Interlude]

You know it ain't no love, no love for these  
You know it ain't no love, no love for these  
You know it ain't no love, no love for these  
Don't you know it ain't no